



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE SOUL OF A DOG

ON arriving in Paris, the sergeant on leave found his mistress not at home. But he was all the same received with cries, tremblings of surprise and joy, embraces wet with kisses: Vorace, her shepherd-dog, the dog which he had confided to his young friend, enveloped him like a flame, and licked him with a tongue pale by emotion. The chambermaid, however, made as much noise as the dog, crying:

"What ill-fortune! Madame is only at Marlotte for two days, to close her home there. Madame's tenants have just gone, Madame is making an inventory of the furnishings. . . Happily, it is not at the end of the world! . . . Monsieur will write me a dispatch for Madame? If it is sent immediately, Madame will be here to-morrow morning before breakfast. Monsieur must sleep here. . . Does Monsieur wish me to light the bath-heater?"

"But I bathed at home, Lucie—a soldier on leave always bathes!"

He eyed in the glass his image, blue and red, the color of Breton granite. The dog stood near him in devoted silence, trembling all over. He laughed to see her so like to himself, gray, blue, and crabbed.

"Vorace!"

She raised to her master a look of love, and the sergeant was moved, thinking suddenly of his mistress, Jeannine, very young and very gay—a little too young, often too gay.

They dined, the man and the dog, the latter faithful to the rules of their former life together, snapping up the bread, barking at command, so thoroughly trained that the hour of her master's return abolished for her months of absence.

"You have missed me," he said softly, "yes, you also! . . ."

He was smoking now, half extended on the divan. The dog, lying like the greyhounds sculptured on tombs, pretended to sleep and did not move her ears. Only her eyebrows, stirring at the least noise, betrayed her vigilance.

The silence stupefied the overtired man, and his hand which held the cigarette slid along the cushion, scorching the silk. He aroused himself, opened a book, looked over several new knickknacks—a photograph which he did not know: Jeannine in a short skirt, with bare arms, in the country.

"An amateursnap-shot....She is charming. . ."

On the back of the unmounted proof, he read:

"'JuneFifth, 1916.'...I was—where was I the fifth of June?...Down there, at Arras. Fifth of June. ...I donotknowthewriting."

He seated himself and was overcome by a sleep which banished all thought. Ten o'clock struck; he smiled once more at the solemn rich sound of the little clock which had, Jeannine said, a voice bigger than its body. . . Ten o'clock sounded and the dog arose.

"Hush!" said the drowsy sergeant, "lie down!"

But Vorace did not lie down again. She sneezed and stretched out her paws, which is equivalent, for a dog, to putting on one's hat to go out. She approached her master, and her yellow eyes asked clearly:

"Well?"

"Well," he replied, "what is the matter with you?"

She dropped her ears while he spoke, out of respect, then raised them again.

"Oh!" sighed the sergeant, "you are a nuisance! Are you thirsty? Do you want to go out?"

At the words "go out," Vorace laughed and began to pant softly, showing her beautiful teeth and the fleshy petal of her tongue.

"Come, then, we will go out. But not for long. I am dying of sleep, you know!"

In the street, Vorace, intoxicated, barked with the voice of a wolf, jumped as high as her master's neck, charged a cat, and ran in a circle like a belt-line railroad. Her master scolded her tenderly, and she showed off for him. Finally, she regained seriousness and walked quietly. The sergeant enjoyed the warm night, and followed the dog, murmuring two or three lazy thoughts:

"I shall see Jeannine to-morrow morning.... I am going to sleep in a real bed.... I have seven days still to spend here...."

He saw that his dog, in advance of him, was waiting for him under a gas jet, with the same air of impatience as before. Her eyes, her wagging tail, and all her body questioned:

"Well! Are you coming?"

He rejoined her. She turned a corner at a little resolute trot. Then he understood that she was going somewhere.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "the chambermaid is in the habit of—or Jeannine—"

He stopped a moment, then moved on again, following the dog, without observing that he had ceased, all at once, to be tired, to be sleepy, and to feel happy. He hastened his steps, and the joyful dog preceded him, like a good guide.

"Go on, go on,..." commanded the sergeant, from time to time.

He looked at the name of the street, then started on again. No passers-by,

little light; pavilions, gardens. The excited dog came to play with his swinging hand, and he nearly struck her, feeling a savageness which he could not account for.

Finally she stopped: "Here we are!" Before an old rickety gate, which guarded the little garden of a small low-built house, covered with vines, a shy little house and hidden.....

"Well, open it!" said the dog, camped before the little wooden door.

The sergeant raised his hand toward the latch, and let it fall again. He leaned toward the dog, showed her with his finger a thread of light between the closed curtains, and asked her softly:

"Who is there?.... Jeannine?...."

The dog uttered a sharp "Hi!" and barked.

"Hush!" whispered the sergeant, closing with his hands, the fresh, wet jaws. He extended once more a hesitating arm toward the door, and the dog jumped. But he held her back by the collar and dragged her to another path, from which he contemplated the unknown house, the thread of rosy light.... He seated himself on the path beside the dog. He had not yet realized the pictures nor the thoughts which spring up about a possible treason, but he felt himself singularly alone and weak.

"Do you love me?" he murmured in the ear of the dog.

She licked his cheek.

"Come, we will go away."

They departed, he in front this time. And when they were again in the little salon, she saw that he put back his linen and his slippers into the bag she knew so well. Respectful, but despairing, she followed all his movements, and tears the color of gold trembled over her yellow eyes. He put his arm about her neck to reassure her:

"You shall go also. You shall not leave me any more. You might not be able the next time to tell me what remains to know. Perhaps I am mistaken. . . . Perhaps I have not understood you. . . . But you must not stay here. Your soul is not

made for other secrets than mine. . . ."

And while the dog trembled, still uncertain, he took her head between his hands, saying very softly:

"Your soul. . . . Your dog's soul. . . . Your beautiful soul. . . ."

COLETTE.

From La Vie Parisienne, Paris.

LINES BY CAPTAIN ALEXANDER
GORDON COWIE, SEAFORTH
HIGHLANDERS

(DIED OF WOUNDS)

It has been said that poets dwell in the shadow which coming events cast before them: the following curious lines which might have passed unnoticed in 1910, are significant enough to-day:

Though not a different land, a different age
Is ours, a different stage:
New characters are on the scene—
Instead of peace, the bright steel's sheen—
In lieu of rest, mad Rage:
The warlike clarion's shrill alarms,
The ruthless power of deadly sin;
Round humble cots, round verdant farms
The roar of beasts, the clash of arms,
And o'er the land the battle's hideous din:
Thro' hill and dale a storm of discord whirls—
The rising smoke of Ruin curls—
Shrieks of the wounded, silence of the dead—
A 'more enlightened' age—of lead!

From The Poetry Review, London.